

Oxford Democrat.

Volume 7.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 28, 1840.

Number 37.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

Geo. W. Walker.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One dollar and fifty cents in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months; two dollars at the end of the year, to which twenty-five cents will be added if payment be delayed beyond six months.

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[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

JUDITH BENSADDI.

A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

To make my description more intelligible, I shall begin with a general sketch of the Alleghany region of Virginia.

The Alleghany mountains consist of parallel ridges, casting off short spurs and sometimes long branches, that vary from the general direction; but they always embrace rich valleys watered by clear streams, that either murmur over pebbly beds or dash over rough rocks. To find their mother ocean, they had to break their way through the ridges that run between them and the sea coast. Some of them, as the Powhatan or James river, have made several breaches through successive ridges, two thousand feet, more or less, in height.

The line of continued mountain nearest the sea is the Blue Ridge, which beginning in Pennsylvania about the Susquehanna, increases in height, ruggedness, and diversity of form, until it stretches its vast length into the Carolinas, where, being joined by the chief Alleghany, it becomes the great father mountain of the system, the high, wild, prolific source of a thousand rivers, that gather themselves together in deep valleys, and with their several aggregations of water run brawling and working their ways out in every direction, to seek the common source and depository of all subterranean waters.

Between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain lies the Great Valley, my native land, 'the loveliest land on the face of the earth.' (Here I detected a smile, instantly suppressed, on the faces of my auditors; but not a smile of contempt, I was sure.)

The Valley is full twenty miles wide near the Potomac, but narrows to twelve miles in Rockbridge; where it is infinitely diversified with mountain, hill, knoll, slope, dell, ravine, cliff, rift, with every other modification of surface that is named, and that is not named, except plains and lakes, whereof we have none; but we have clear limestone springs, gushing from forest-crowned hills, and giving drink to every beast of the field.

Westward of the Great Valley, for many miles, the country is composed altogether of high mountains with narrow valleys between. But here, and farther west, fountains of health flow; a hundred mineral springs of different qualities, with a pure atmosphere, delightful summer weather, shady forests, beauty in the vale and sublimity in the mountain; all combine to invite the invalid for health, and all for pleasure, who love either the charms of nature or the social enjoyments of a watering place. But enough of introduction—Now for the House Mountain.

This short, isolated mountain is a conspicuous object in the picturesque landscape of Rockbridge. It stands about six miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequently turns the summer showers, that usually come with the west wind. Being separated by deep vales from the North Mountain, and more lofty, it stands like an island of the air, with huge body and sharp angles to cut the current of the winds asunder. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven in the midst, and carried streaming on to the right and left, with a space of blue sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain, when the light of departing day is in like manner cloven. Sometimes, however, a division of the cloud, after passing town, will come bounding back in a current of air reflected from another mountain. It is not unusual to see a cloud move across the Valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—striking the Blue Ridge—whirl about, and pursue another course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is passed, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put away his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain, from the same quarter towards which he had seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact of two oblong parallel mountains, connected about midway of their height, and rising upwards of 1500 feet above the surrounding country. The summit ridges are each about a mile long, and resemble the roof of a house; the end terminates in abrupt precipices, and all around high buttresses, with their bases spread far out into the country, rise up against the sides and taper to points which terminate some hundreds of feet below the summit. These buttresses or spurs of the mountain, are separated by vales which run up between them.

The students of our college make parties every summer, to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. My first trip, some years ago, was with a party of students only. Then we were disappointed in our hopes by a sudden clouding up of the atmosphere, before we reached the place; and we should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters, not far from the summit; where an overhanging rock affords shelter, and a spring trickling through a crevice supplies drink to the weary climber. After we had slept awhile, one of the company started up with the cry of fire. We saw with surprise, in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread every moment, tapering upwards to a point and bending before the night-breeze. At first, we conjectured that a great barn was in flames, and then that the beautiful village of Lexington was, as it had been once before, wrapped in devouring fire. Whilst we gazed anxiously at the fiery object, it rose higher every moment, and in rising seemed now to grow less at the lower extremity, until finally it resembled the last flicker of a dying lamp-flame; and then it stood forth, to our joyful surprise—the moon, half in the wane, reddened and magnified by the misty air, beyond what we had never seen. Its light afforded us an obscure perception of the most prominent objects in the landscape. Shadowy directions, and spots of dusky white, glimmering here and there, indicated fields and houses.

We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct view; but when the morning came, the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere concealed every thing; and rain succeeding, put us quickly to scampering down the mountain, and sent us home as dirty as pigs, and as wet as drowned rats; and with the wing of our fancies completely bedrenched and bedraggled into the bargain. We were cured of scene-hunting and gyping in the wild mountains for that season. But by the next summer my spirit was revived, and I longed for another excursion to the great observatory that was daily standing aloft with its rocky solitudes in the back ground of our landscape, and stimulating the spirit of the students to try what romantic incidents and wide prospects a night's lodging on its high eminence might yield.

So one fair midsummer's day we set off, a dozen of us full of high enterprise, and laden with whatever might be necessary for use and comfort. This time we lodged on the aerial summit of the mountain, where we built a fire of logs, that illuminated the rocks and trees around us, and blazed like a beacon-fire before the eyes of nearly all Rockbridge. We prepared our coffee, drew forth our bread and cheese, and ate our supper merrily; and for hours we made those gray rocks hear, what perhaps they had never heard before, the jests and quips and shouts and laughter of a dozen college youngsters, late loose and existing in the wild freedom of nature.

This time the weather proved eminently favorable. We slept two or three hours and rose before the dawn, that we might watch for the opening of the scene. Our fire sank to embers; the desolation and death-like stillness of our situation were impressive. The heavens above were perfectly serene; the stars looked down upon us with all their eyes, from mansions of the purest blue; but the lower world was enveloped in a dense fog. We seemed to have been separated from the society of the living on the face of the earth, and to have ascended to another sphere, where we held communion only with the silent orbs and the blue ether that drew our spirits into their heavenly fields. The merriment of the evening was changed into sober thoughtfulness. We spoke little, and that with a low voice; and each one seemed disposed to retire from his fellows, that he might give his mind to his contemplations. Such at least was my case. I withdrew to a naked rock that crowned a precipice, and turning my face to the east, waited for the sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep seriousness of the Persian fire-worshipper.

Presently the dawn began to show, at the distance of twelve miles, the dim wavering outline of the Blue Ridge in the eastern horizon. When the morning light had opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent, and the mountain tops that rose through it in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, silent, placid ocean. I gazed with delighted immensity of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight of fancy in the visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands began to develop their forms; more distinct islands were disclosed to view, variously grouped; but all were wild, desolate and still. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me, hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I looked with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and was endeavoring to stretch my visions into the dusky regions far away, my attentions were suddenly attracted by sparks of dazzling brilliancy, shooting through pines on the Blue Ridge. In the old time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were forged in the caverns of Ætna, never did such glittering scintillations fly from beneath giant forge hammers of the Cyclops. It was the sun darning his torn most rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads through the pure serene of the atmosphere.

The prospect of the country around, now yielded a pleasure, not inferior in degree, though it differed in kind, from that which I had enjoyed in beholding a scene rare and beautiful in itself and embellished by mist and twilight with the visionary charms of a creative fancy. The country appeared beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. On the diversified surface of the Great Valley a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible—some in the low vales, where winding streams had begun to shine in the glancing sunlight—some presented their yellow harvest fields among the green woods and wavy slopes of hills—and here and there, others were perched aloft among the pines. In the northeast, the less hilly country of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of bluish green.

Stretching along the eastern horizon, for many a league, the Blue Ridge mustered a hundred of his lofty heads, among which the Peaks of Otter rose preeminently conspicuous. The valley southwardly was in part concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill. But beyond this, at intervals, I caught glimpses of the vale of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, to the place where it has cloven the North Mountain, and thence round by the west, to the remarkable rent through which it flows between jutting crags in the Jackson Mountain. Here the Clifton forge, though not seen, could be imagined, sounding in the deep ravine with the roaring waters, and making the dark cliffs re-bellow at every stroke.

On the western side the scenery differs from that on the eastern. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled, to display their loftiness and their length. Line after line, ridge behind ridge, peered over one another and crossed the landscape, this way and that way. Here a huge knob swelled up his roundness; there a peak shot up his rough stony point—out of a huddle of inferior eminences, or from the backs of ridges that stretched away far and wide, until they faded off in the blue of the atmosphere, and all distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my sight from the grand features of the prospect, and to look down upon the country near the base of my observatory, I was attracted by the softer beauties of the landscape. The woody hillocks and shady glen had lost every rough and disagreeable feature; the surface looked smooth and green like a meadow; and would its curvatures, dappled with shade and sunlight, so gracefully to the elevated eye, that they seemed to realize our dreamy conceptions of fairy land. The little homesteads that spotted the hills and valleys under the mountain, the large farms and country seats farther away, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of delightful contemplation, to descend from our exalted height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and our studies again.

CHAPTER VI.

When I had concluded my House Mountain story, the brother maintained for a few seconds the attitude of a listener; until I remarked that my other visits to the mountain produced nothing new, and that my theme was therefore exhausted.

'I am sorry that it is,' (said he,) for I could listen with interest to much more of the same sort.'

Judith, who seemed to be in a state of thoughtful abstraction, now heaved a deep sigh, which roused her; and being conscious that she had warmed with blushes, and when she felt her cheeks in silence.

'Heigh-ho! Judith, what is the matter with you? You pay Mr. Garamé a poor compliment for his description of one of the finest landscapes in the world—it seems to have made you sad.'

'If I am sad, brother, it is because we may not be able to visit the mountains in Virginia. Mr. Garamé will not think me disrespectful when he knows the cause of my sadness.'

Certainly not, Miss Judith; (said I with great sincerity,) but I hope that you may still find time to run up to our valley, and to look out from our mountain tops.'

'Oh, how delightful that would be.' She raised her head as she spoke, and her countenance flashed up to more than its wonted animation, as she thus continued:

'I love the mountains—I prefer the country, to the town—joy springs up in my heart when I look upon the summer hills and valleys, the clear brooks, the green fields and all the objects and employments that occur in rural life. Most of all I admire scenery like that which you have described—grandeur and beauty spreading to immensity, & blending into indescribable labyrinth of variety. There nature fills the soul with her choicest entertainments—there man leads the happiest life, and in inspired with the noblest feelings. The inhabitant of the plain and of the town may be intelligent, virtuous, refined; but the man of the mountain has sources of deep and holy feeling, which cannot be found among the artificial structures of a town, and which are no less artificial forms of city life; and which are absent also in great part from the monotonous campaign, especially when stripped of its natural garb, and clothed with the petty embellishments of human art. There is beauty even in a scene like this: He who has reared his neat cottage in the grove, and can look out upon his fields and flocks in the plain has much love in his comfortable home. But he has feeble impressions from nature, and through nature draws only faint inspirations from God. But who can look upon the great mountains, and not feel his bosom swell with sacred emotions? Who can look up to the towering peak and the beetling crag, or look down from them, and not feel the movements of the Divinity in his soul? Here are representatives of the Divine Majesty, the exhibitions of the Universal Spirit. Can a mortal mind contemplate such objects, and not feel a high-toned energy infused into it? Must it not catch the lofty impress of these sublime monuments of eternal Power and Godhead. And then the softer beauties of the broad uneven valley, the round hill-top with its sylvan crown, the sweet winding dale with its purling brook and the flowery meadow, these seem to me to shed the milder influences of Deity into the soul, to bear the gentleness and love into the heart, to mitigate the fierce passions, and to soothe the wounded spirit. And where both these characters of scenery, the sublime and the beautiful, are combined, as they are among the mountains of Virginia, the people must be deeply imbued with religion and virtue, and their virtues must be a finely tempered mixture of the heroic and the gentle. But, (said she, checking herself,) I am running on with my crude notions on a subject that I do not understand—yet still it does seem to me, that the people of your country must have a noble character—have they not, Mr. Garamé?'

'They certainly have in them the elements of a noble character, and need only to be more highly and generally improved by education, to become all that you suppose. I think, too, that your theory derives confirmation from the history of the ingenious Greeks of old, and of the patriotic Swiss of modern times. Mountaineers are often rude, but rarely mean-spirited; and their local attachments are always strong, because they dwell among objects strongly characterized, and therefore strongly impressed on their minds.'

'I am glad to find that my notion of the effect of mountain scenery, is not altogether a groundless fancy; I thought, while speaking, that it seemed reasonable; but then I remembered how often I speak rashly, under the impulse of excited feelings; obtruding my hasty thoughts on others, and proving my need of instructions, instead of my ability to instruct.'

'That is her way, (said Eli, smiling,) she is of such excitable stuff, that when she hears or sees any thing fine, she kindles and flames away like tow in the fire; and often for five minutes she will emit a constant blaze of fancy or feeling, sentiment or philosophy—then she will sink at once into the ashes of humility.'

Judith blushed good naturedly, as she said, 'Well brother, I have confessed my weakness to Mr. Garamé; and he will have the goodness to pardon my long rant.'

'It was not rant, Miss Judith; and needs no apology. I should be very sorry if you conceived it necessary before me to lay restraint upon the utterance of your thoughts—especially such thoughts. Do me the favor to give them free passage. I love the unstudied unchecked effusions of the soul in conversation.'

She looked up with one of her sweetest smiles and said, 'Thank you Mr. Garamé.'

'I must do my enthusiastic sister the justice to say, that of late she is less often carried out of her usual sobriety by these impulses, than formerly; now it is only something of uncommon merit that has power to tap her spiritual soda-fountain; and the jet, although still foamy, is for the most part rare and good.'

Here Judith and I at the same time bowed to the speaker, and said, 'Thank you, sir.'

This little scene prepared us for a lighter strain of conversation; and we kept it up with hilarity until the evening. My companions charmed me more and more; their fund of good sense, sprightly wit, and sound knowledge, showed no symptoms of exhaustion, but continued to supply an increasing flow of thoughts, that came with unaffected simplicity and grace from their minds.

There was a great resemblance in their mental characteristics, as well as in their persons; yet also a difference which every hour became more manifest. The brother had a more ready wit and a superior talent for light conversation; the sister a more lively and profound sensibility to whatever was grand, beautiful, or pathetic—more genius—and what I could hardly reconcile with the evident enthusiasm of her character, more reflection.

My admiration of these young persons was increased, when we happened in conversation to tell our ages, and I learned that Judith would not complete her nineteenth year until the first of June, and that Eli was only twenty-two, that is, one year older than myself.

We travelled on and reached Charleston before nine o'clock, and obtained excellent accommodations at a hotel.

The next day we spent several hours together, viewing the city. After dinner Eli and myself left Judith in her room that we might go to the harbor and inquire for a packet to Norfolk. After some time, we found a stout well built schooner that was to sail in four days. We engaged the cabin for ourselves, and the attendance of a half grown black boy attached to the schooner; then after strolling about the town, we returned in the evening and found Judith in our private parlor, playing the air of the preceding evening on a piano, which I was so unobservant as not to have noticed before, or I should have asked her to play. She had arranged the notes on a black page of the music book before her, which I found to be her own. I was charmed with her style of playing; there was so little appearance of art in it; she struck the keys with such nice tact, and in such perfect accordance with the spirit of the piece, that she made one forget the player, and lose even his self-consciousness in the Lethæan tide of music that came stealing over the soul.

When she discovered that we were in the room, she rose with a blush to leave the instrument, saying that we had caught her attempting to learn the negroes' melody. I asked her to play it again, but she declined, with the apology that she must learn it better before she could venture to play it in company; but, at my solicitation, she resumed her seat & not only played several pieces

with the delicious artlessness of her art, but gratified me also by singing two songs, with such 'linked sweetness' of melody, that one which was of a pathetic character drew tears from my eyes, and continued to run in streams of sensibility through my nerves during the night.

Our apartments were, as we had requested, in the most private part of the house, in a wing designed for families; and at it happened, occupied at this time by none but ourselves. I mention this, to explain an incident that occurred the next evening. When we had all satisfied ourselves with looking at the public institutions of the city and had taken our tea, Eli proposed that we should walk the streets that we might observe the nocturnal customs of the place. I instantly gave my consent, but Judith, pleading fatigue, declined; and then I was sorry that I consented, but ashamed to retreat. She looked the parlor door when we went out, telling us with a playful smile, to say 'open sesame' when we wanted admittance. After we had gotten to the street, I remembered that my room was left unlocked, with several articles exposed to pilferers. I requested Eli to wait until I should return and lock the door. I hastened back, ran up stairs, and had almost reached my room, a few steps from the parlor door, when my attention was arrested by the notes of the same negroes' melody, sweetly touched on the piano. The unlocked door, Eli, and all the world were forgotten in a moment; I was insensibly drawn on tiptoe quips in the music, allowed me to feel that my heart was palpitating violently. I was beginning to fear that the exquisitely pathetic tones would come no more; when lo! with the melting tenderness of an angel, singing a newly departed saint to rest, she uttered her voice, as touched the keys again, to the same melody; and these are the words of the simple ballad that she sang:

SALLY OF THE VALLEY.
Once I wandered through a valley,
Where waters flow;
There was the lovely Sally;
'Long time ago.'
Trees and banks were full of flowers,
Soft winds did blow;
Leafy vines made dusky bowers;
'Long time ago.'
By a rock beneath the mountain,
She, bending low,
Shed warm tears beside a fountain,
'Long time ago.'
'Maiden, why so broken-hearted
Fain would I know.'
'Sir, my love and I here parted,
'Long time ago.'
Here he wooed and here he won me,
Then far must go;
Left his kiss of truth upon me,
'Long time ago.'
'Soon he sank beneath the billow,
Then storms did blow;
Then I planted here this willow,
'Long time ago.'
'Fare thee well, sweet mourning Sally,
Keen is thy woe';
So left the flowery valley,
'Long time ago.'
Once again I saw the valley,
Where waters flow;
Then again I looked for Sally,
'Long time ago.'
By the rock beneath the mountain—
Saw willow grow;
O'er grave beside the fountain,
'Long time ago.'

She ceased. I was riveted to the spot. For minutes I was entranced with the mournful vision of poor Sally's grave under the weeping willow; while my nerves yet quivered sympathetically with the heavenly tones, that made the simple story of her fate so dolefully affecting. I was roused at last by Eli's voice, calling me from the foot of the stairs. I hurried down without thinking of my door. He asked whether I had missed anything out of my room. I simply answered 'No,' and walked on, I knew not whither. I spoke not during the most of our walk, except when spoken to, and then sometimes I gave irrelevant answers. Eli soon observed my mood, and several times looked at me with amazement but made no remark. To prevent unpleasant conjectures, I told him on our return what had so strangely affected my spirits. Whether he inferred any thing more than the merit of the ballad and my susceptibility of musical impressions, I know not—probably he had not yet passed his novitiate in the mysteries of Cupid. As for myself I did not then reflect on the subject; I was too much absorbed by the emotions produced by the sweet music and the sweetest musician, to analyse my feelings, and to search out the causes which might be at work in carrying my soul away at such a rate.

At the parlor door, we said, 'open sesame,' and were admitted. When I told Judith how I had undesignedly overheard her ballad, she blushed and was a good deal confused at first, and then began to apologize, by saying that the air of the negro-song chanted soonorously in the calm evening and quiet fields of the country, had taken possession of her fancy, that she could not rest until she had put together a few stanzas, according to simplicity of language and sentiment with the simplicity of the air, to whose melody they were to serve as a vehicle. We soon stopped her modest apologies, by insisting that she should repeat the song, at least for Eli's sake. She did so; more sweetly if possible than before. That night I dreamed that I visited the flowery valley, and saw first, Judith weeping by the fountain side,

and then, the willow waving its green tresses over Judith's grave.

CHAPTER VII.

When I awoke in the morning, I rejoiced to find that my dismal conceptions were but a dream. But I was sad through the whole forenoon, and but partially relieved towards the evening by the conversation and cheerful look of my companions. Pleasant rambles with them about town, the amusements that we shared after dark, and a good night's sleep, had done much to counteract the downward tendency of my spirits. At breakfast time the next morning we were startled by a message from our captain, warning us to be on board within two hours, because the wind was fair, and he would sail a day sooner than he had intended, for fear of a change. We therefore hastened our preparations, and were on board by eleven o'clock. According to contract, we took exclusive possession of the cabin, and were pleased that no other passengers of any sort were on board: the crew consisted of five men, the servant boy and the captain.

We set sail immediately. It was one of the most delightful mornings of a southern spring. Balm breezes wafted us gently out of the bay, whilst from the deck we contemplated the retiring city, with its advanced guards of islands and batteries. When these began to sink away in the distance, I had, for the first time, a full view of the ocean, spreading its desolate waste before me to the utmost extent of vision, and leading the imagination onward still, over its vast unfathomable depths. How different from the diversified scenes of beauty and grandeur in my native highlands, yet even more awfully sublime! It was a scene of such naked simplicity, and such outspreading vastness; nothing to contemplate, but the immensity of the earth girding waters. I sat mutely gazing over that liquid desert, until it opened to my view the whole canopy of heaven, bending down toward the waters—the waters seemed to swell upwards as they spread, until all around, skies and waters met, and enclosed us in the centre of their grand periphery.

Serious impressions of the object before me, thoughts of its fearful might, when storms awaken the rage of its billows; thoughts of its gloomy unsearchable abysses, where monsters play among lost treasures and the bones of lost men—all came upon me, and sunk my spirits more and more, until I was deeply immersed in the melancholy to which I had been tending for the last two days. After I observed how the trees and sandhills of the coast had seemingly slid away down the western side of the globe, and had left us alone in this boundless waters, and precariously floating over the dark gulfs of brine, in whose vast receptacle so many dead are hidden till the day of judgement, I became not only sad but terrified; and what made my situation more distressing was, that sea-sickness came upon me with its dismal nausea; itself sufficient to conjure up a fantastic host of goblins from the troubled depths of the soul.

Eli had left me to arrange some affairs with his sister in the cabin. While my soul was sinking to the bottom of the sea, he came up with her, and seeing my melancholy looks, approached me, and said, with his usual smile of benevolence:

"Now, Mr. Garamé, you remind me of the day when I first put out to sea. I kept thinking, how wide and how deep is the sea—yet I have to go all the way over it; and if I should plunge into it some windy night, or a tempest should crack this wooden-shell that now bears me up—why, then I must sink all the way to the bottom, though it were thousands of fathoms down. What made me feel worse, this little sister of mine, who, as you have observed, has a touch of the romantic in her constitution—she sat crying her eyes out. She had an unconquerable fancy to embark with me: she was not afraid! oh! no—she was a bold seafarer enough in her chamber at home; but then when she came into this wide presence chamber of old Ocean himself, her brave little heart quailed before the face of his hoary majesty. However, I must make due allowance for natural sorrow at parting with our father and friends—Judith, cannot you comfort Mr. Garamé, by telling him how dimly you felt at first, and how, in spite of all your fears, you passed safely over the Atlantic, and got well and cheerful before the voyage was ended?"

"Brother, (said she—and her voice was like a flageolet, breathing soft airs)—I wish that we could cheer Mr. Garamé. But what can mere words do for one suffering under two such natural causes of distress—the first awful impression of being out in the sea; and the heart-sickening nausea that soon comes to blacken every thought. I know from experience how impossible it is to be cheerful under such circumstances, and how little a friend can do to clear the dark current of our feelings."

Here Eli cut her short with a good humored remonstrance—

"Now, Judith, you are paying me a poor compliment on my ability as a comforter, and you are preaching like one of Job's comforters to Mr. Garamé."

"Nay, brother, I mean not so; I know that you did all that any brother could have done for a distressed sister. You had your own sorrow to bear; yet you forced your countenance to look cheerful for my encouragement; and if your exertions did not succeed in relieving me at once, it was because such a weight of sorrow, aggravated by sickness, could be removed only by degrees; so you removed the load which oppressed my spirits; and so, I trust, we shall succeed in taking off the burden that oppressed Mr. Garamé. Nay, I think that he will find relief much sooner than I did: for he has two advantages in his case, which did not exist in mine. I was leaving home, kindred and friends, on a long voyage; he is returning by a short voyage to his home—his home in the glorious mountains. Mr. Garamé think of that. Then again, I had the heart only of a girl, a timid, foolish girl of the town; he has the heart of a man, and the bold spirit of a mountaineer, to bear his sufferings."

Here I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and began to feel the mountain spirit rousing up its energies at the life-giving touch of my charming comforter. She concluded in these words.

"So now, brother, I think that I am not as bad as Job's comforters; if not a skilful, I am, how-

ever, a well-meaning comforter. Am I not, Mr. Garamé?"

A sudden impulse had almost made me exclaim, "You are my elixir of life." I had opened my mouth to say it, when I perceived the impropriety of so passionate a declaration at this time. With an instantaneous effort I shut it in; but having no substitute ready, I felt confused, lost my self-possession, hung down my head, felt miserably like a fool; & was verging to madness under the mortification of being speechless with confusion, when Judith, perceiving my agony, though scarce divining the cause, brought me relief by saying—

"Brother, Mr. Garamé has one of the dreadful qualms that overcome me so often—and now I am glad that I have thought of it, I have still in my trunk a phial of medicine that I took when the fits came on; it did not effect a cure, but it palliated sufferings. Do you stay and comfort Mr. Garamé, while I go and search for it."

She started off, but seeming to recollect suddenly that I had been looking down over the side of the vessel, as if meditating something desperate, she stopped, and turning round, said half seriously—

"Brother, people sometimes do rash things in a fit of sickness; take care that Mr. Garamé's tormenting nausea does not make him leap into the sea."

"No danger, Judith; a plunge to the bottom is not so agreeable to his fancy just now; he has no more relish for a four mile dip in saltwater than I have. But, perhaps a dive to the sea-country would not be so bad an adventure after all, as one is apt to think when he has qualms. Suppose that he should find the Nereides down there, combing their wet locks in the green seaweeds, among the coral groves; and they should sing him a ditty 'lovely well,' and take him to their shell caves, and feast on him—let me see—what?"

"Oh! brother, (said Judith, interrupting him) charge the subject; you frighten me!"

Then she hastened down the companion way.

"Pardon me, (said Eli to me,) I meant only to divert you, but probably I have taken the wrong way."

And so he had, when he took the way to the bottom of the sea; for I found myself going down again rapidly to the lowest depth of mental dejection. I imagined myself, Judith and all, sunk by a storm in passing Cape Fear, which we were soon to approach. What aggravated my suffering was, that the weather had begun to change from fair to cloudy; the wind veered to the south-east, and freshened so much as to curl up the waters, and make the schooner rock with a quicker and heavier motion. My nausea and mental gloom were consequently growing worse, and worse every moment. Eli saw the gathering clouds on my face and said:

"Mr. Garamé, resist this sinking of the heart; think of cheerful objects."

"Fain would I, Mr. Bensaddi; but I am constitutionally subject to fits of despondency, during which I am passive and miserable slave of fancy. Even now, frightful images of distress haunt me: I cannot even shake off the impression that they are ominous of some approaching disaster."

"Oh! think not so, (said he again)—consider that they are the natural effect of a disordered stomach, and of your new situation out here in this 'barren sea,' as old Homer calls it."

"Your opinion may have the sanction of reason, but my feelings refuse to be governed by its dictates; they point prophetically to some dreadful calamity at hand; they call up a spectral tragedy. Something dark and horrible—I know not what—looms cloudily up to view; it makes me shudder as if it were a real premonition. What can it mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, my friend, (said he moving towards me quickly, to let the sailors shift the sails for a different tack of the vessel,)—nothing but the work of fancy, operating on the materials of your sickness and melancholy, and casting them into misshapen images of misery and disaster."

He had reached the place where I sat on a bench by the side-rail, and as he pronounced the last word, was turning round to take his seat with me, when he was tripped by a sudden lurch of the vessel and thrown backwards, head foremost, into the sea. He almost brushed me as he fell. Before I could even think, he was gone. When I looked, I could see no sign of him but the bubbling of the water where he had sunk.

"A man overboard!—heave to!—down with the boat!—were the orders of the captain, and every preparation was hastily made for the rescue. For my part, my eyes started with the fixedness of death as it receded every instant. Soon he rose to the surface, but strangling a bench had been thrown out to him; but he either saw it not, or was unable to buffet the waves that separated him from it. The only hope was in the boat; I saw that it was so, and felt the rush of a new spirit through my whole man. As the boat was being pushed off, I sprang into it."

"Fast, fast, men! pull, pull, for God's sake!" he is sinking!

My eyes were fixed on him; he struggled convulsively, but with a strength that was failing every instant. The rowers strained their nerves to the utmost, but all in vain: we were yet ten yards off, when I saw his raven locks disappear beneath the wave, and when we reached the place, not even a bubble marked it. Cruel wave! It had already forgotten its victim.

The boat was turned immediately toward the vessel. I remonstrated.

"It is useless to wait, sir; he will never rise again."

Still I looked back, as the boat was dashing through the waves on her return. A shriek smote my ear! I turned with the quickness of an eddy. She was running distractedly over the deck; her tresses fell and streamed in the wind; her suppliant arms were flung up towards Heaven; then flung down in despair. The frenzy of despair drove her on, convulsively—she knew not what she did—against the lateral side rail; she fell over into the sea! Her white robes fluttered as she touched the wave; the wave tossed its ample folds, as the briny liquid enfolded her. I cried out, "Oh! mercy!" and became speechless. The steersman urged the rowers: we neared the spot; a vanishing remnant of the robe—the

snowy emblem of her purity—was all that could be seen of Judith Bensaddi. The boat was rather too distant to reach her in time; my foot was on the prow; my nerves were strung to a frantic energy; one heaven-directed spring, and the robe was in my grasp. In my struggle to sustain her, we were both sinking, but were rescued just in time. She was carried insensible to her birth in the cabin; where, after some moments, my terrific apprehensions were relieved by signs of resuscitation.

Every thing possible was done to complete her restoration, and to promote her personal comfort. My presence of mind and vigor of muscle, since he, and especially since she, had fallen, seemed almost miraculous. Sickness, melancholy, languor, even consciousness of my own existence, were gone. I had no thought, no feelings, but for Judith's bereavement, and Judith's melancholy situation. Poor hapless maiden! Better so her life had still been preserved, that her consciousness had not returned; at least for that dark night of sorrow, whose thick gloom of clouds and rain gathered over Eli's watery grave, just as she began to remember that her brother was lost in the dark stormy sea. Then her breast began to heave convulsively—a sob—a groan—a shriek—the same wild sort of shriek that I had heard in the boat—these were all that she could utter.

In vain did I attempt some words of consolation. She heard me not. External things could make no impression on a soul absorbed in one idea and one emotion. Hours passed away before one thought and feeling could find utterance in words; then they came forth only in broken accents, during intervals between the more violent paroxysms of grief. Merciful Heaven! Even the distant remembrance almost freezes my blood. Still do I seem to hear that voice, like a mourning dove's utter its broken notes of woe, in terms like these:—

"Oh! my brother! Dear, lost brother! Lost in the sea! Oh, my poor brother! Drowned in the deep waters! Brother! oh, brother!—can you not return? No, never. 'Too deep'—far down in the cold sea! God have mercy on thee, my dear, lost brother! Oh! hapless fate! So sudden! He looked and smiled—he was happy; I went away—they called me—your brother is lost! Oh, God of Israel! pity my lost Eli! So lovely!—so kind! so joyful! In a moment he fell, he sunk; they could not save him. Alas, for thee, my brother!—cold! silent! alone! deep! No friend can find thee there: oh, lost brother! I cannot close thy dear eyes in thy briny bed. Thy heart is cold, that heart that loved me so—Oh, my heart will break. On, that I had died for thee, beloved Eli. Alas, he hears me not! He hears no more the storms of this dark world—poor brother—in his cozy bed, far, far down beneath the waves. Farewell, lost brother—farewell forever!"

But vainly do I attempt to describe her grief, or to give a just conception of her heartrending lamentations.

I will pass briefly over the next stage of her mourning. She began to think of her father's bereavement, and to condole for the grief that must afflict his aged breast, when he should hear that his only son was lost. Lastly she thought of herself; and then she deplored her sad condition as a lonely and friendless maiden on a foreign shore. Here I made a second attempt to gain her attention, that I might assure her of my friendship and protection. Still, though sometimes her eyes seemed to rest upon me, her heart was too deeply buried in grief, her soul too fully possessed with the one idea of her bereavement, to let her recognize my person; or remember our late acquaintance. Her eyes—those eyes lately so bright with intelligence and joyful emotions—were now swollen and dimmed with weeping.

I kept anxious watch over her. I was prompt to see, and, so far as possible, to supply every want. I had administered a dose of laudanum mixed with a cordial. This ultimately produced a soothing effect; though it was past midnight before she could cease from wailing and lamentation. But exhausted nature, aided by the anodyne, compelled her grief at last to yield to some intervals of repose. She sank first into short slumbers, broken by starts of terror, and calls for her lost brother; then she would fall back again into a transient oblivion of her sorrows. Finally she was overcome with heavy slumbers of two hours. When she awoke, the dark, dismal night had passed away and the morning broke less cloudy and rainy. I watched her anxiously during her sleep, and more anxiously on her awaking, fearful lest her slumber should prove to be a respite without relief. For an instant she looked around with a countenance of wild affright. Then remembering her situation, she began to sob and weep. But to my great satisfaction, she soon became more composed, and gave indications of a returning sensibility to present objects. When she looked at me with a countenance expressive of recognition, and I drew near to address her, she could only exclaim—

"O, Mr. Garamé!" before a flood of emotions choked her utterance.

"Endeavor to compose yourself, dear Judith, was all that I could say, when I felt a sudden change in myself. Thus far my feelings had been absorbed in her's; my whole attention had been abstracted from self, and fixed on the lovely sufferer, whose agony of grief was enough to excite a demon's pity. Now, when so far relieved as to recognize me, and call my name, self-consciousness returned; my inexperience as a distinct being was felt again, engrossing sympathy yielded to a softer emotion; all the fountains of compassion were opened within me, and for some time we silently shed tears together."

When I recovered the power of speech, I gave her the most heart-felt assurance of devoted friendship; I exhorted her to rely on me as on an affectionate brother; I solemnly promised to treat her as a sister, and not to leave her until I had deposited her safely with her friends. I saw with unspeakable satisfaction that she could now listen, that she understood my words, and that she was soothed by them; and what was particularly gratifying, that her grief, although still poignant, had passed its most alarming stage, and that she no longer suffered the utter despair and prostration of soul, which threatened to destroy her reason, if not her life.

Hoping that she might sleep again, I left the room for half an hour and when I returned, I found her dozing. When she opened her eyes, I asked her to sit up and take some food. She could only swallow a little tea. I then renewed my expressions of condolence and fraternal care; afterwards I attempted, to direct her mind to the best source of consolation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Congressional Proceedings.

IN SENATE—Tuesday, April 14.
NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.

Mr. BUCHANAN, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, submitted the following Report:—

The Committee on Foreign Relations, to which was referred the several messages of the President of the United States, communicating to Congress, at its present session, certain official correspondence in relation to the question of the Territory in dispute with Great Britain on our North Eastern Frontier; and also certain Resolutions of the Legislature of Maine on the same subject,

REPORT:

That they have had the same under consideration, and now deem it expedient to communicate to the Senate their views for not making, at the present moment, a general report upon the whole subject. They feel that they will best perform this duty, by placing clearly and distinctly before the Senate the existing state and condition of the pending negotiation between the two Governments.

The President of the United States, in his annual message of December last, informed Congress that "for the settlement of the N. Eastern Boundary, the proposition promised by Great Britain for a commission of exploration and survey, has been received, and a counter project, including also a provision for the certain and final adjustment of the limits in dispute, is now before the British Government for its consideration." The President has not thought it advisable to communicate this counter project to Congress; yet we have his assurance, on which the most confident reliance may be placed, that it is of such a character as will, should it be accepted, finally settle the question. This proposition was officially communicated to that Government during the last summer.

Mr. Fox, the British Minister, in his note of the 24th January last, doubtless with a perfect knowledge of the nature of the project which had been submitted by the American Government to that of Great Britain, assures Mr. Forsyth, "that he not only preserves the hope, but he entertains the firm belief, that if the duty of negotiating the boundary question be left in the hands of the two National Governments, to whom alone of right it belongs, the difficulty of conducting the negotiation to an amicable issue will not be found so great as has been by many persons apprehended." And in his subsequent note of March 13, 1840, he states that he has been instructed to declare "that her Majesty's Government are only waiting for the detailed report of the British commissioners recently employed to survey the disputed territory, which report, it was believed, would be completed and delivered to her Majesty's Government by the end of the present month, (March), in order to transmit to the Government of the United States a reply to their last proposal upon the subject of the boundary negotiation." Thus we may reasonably expect that this reply will be received by the President during the present month, (or April), or nearly in May.

Whilst such is the condition of the principal negotiation, the committee have deemed it inexpedient, at this time, to report upon the subordinate though important question in relation to the temporary occupation of the disputed territory. They trust that the answer of the British Government may be of such a character as to render a report upon this latter subject unnecessary. In any event, they have every reason to believe that the state of suspense will be but of brief duration.

The committee, ever since this embarrassing and exciting question has been first presented for their consideration, have been anxious that the Government of the United States should constantly preserve itself in the right; and hitherto the desire has been fully accomplished. The territorial rights of Maine have been uniformly asserted, and a firm determination to maintain them has been invariably evinced; though this has been done in an amicable spirit. So far as the committee can exercise any influence over the subject, they are resolved, that if war should be the result, which they confidently hope may not be the case, this war shall be rendered inevitable, by the conduct of the British Government. They have believed this to be the surest mode of uniting every American heart and every American arm in defence of the just rights of the country. It is but justice to remark, that the Executive branch of the Government has, from the beginning, been uniformly guided by the same spirit, and has thus far pursued a firm, consistent, and prudent course, throughout the whole negotiation with Great Britain.

Whilst the committee can perceive no adequate cause, at the present moment, for anticipating hostilities between the two countries, they would not be understood as expressing the opinion that the country should not be prepared to meet any emergency. The question of peace or war may, in a great degree, depend upon the answer of the British Government now speedily expected. After the paper was read, Mr. Wright moved the printing of 10,000 extra copies. The ground taken by Mr. Wright for this motion was, the excited state of the public feeling on the American frontier at the preparations making by the British, (fears he thought not warranted from the facts,) and a paper emanating from the Senate would do more to quiet and allay those apprehensions, than if the report were sent in the newspapers of the day.

Mr. Ruggles was not disposed to oppose or advocate the printing of a large number; he thought, however, that as the report was short that it would find its way in the newspapers of the day to every man, woman and child, of Maine. The report he thought not sufficiently decisive in its character.

There was a great anxiety on the part of Maine, to bring this matter to a close regardless of all consequences. There was one thing Maine feared more than war, and this was the violation of her

right and the loss of notional honor. If there should at last be a necessity for energetic measures, she thought the report rather calculated to repress ardor than excite it.

Mr. Buchanan said that the remarks of the Senator from Maine rendered it necessary that he should say a word or two in reply. The report had been denounced by the Senator, and he did not believe that the citizens of Maine would sustain him in that denunciation. The report reasserted the right of Maine to the territory in dispute. It contemplated no abandonment of those rights, but in view of the news from England and the peculiar state of things, it contemplated a postponement of action until an answer was received to the recent correspondence and the proposition of the Government sent out in July last. Mr. B. said that the committee on foreign affairs would stand by Maine to the last, and report nothing to the disparagement of her claims.

Mr. Ruggles said that he was at a loss to know for what reason the Senator from Pennsylvania had said that he had denounced the report. For aught he knew, the report was the best which could have been made under all the circumstances.

In continuing his remarks, Mr. R. said, I have never, at any time, believed that a war would come, or was necessary. I have never apprehended any collision, and I have founded this opinion upon the justice of the cause of Maine—upon her right to the territory in dispute. I believe that we are to avoid a war by preparing to meet a war. I believe, moreover, that Great Britain, in such a cause as this, and with the opinion of the world against her, will not willingly engage in a war.

Mr. Clay then rose and said if there was any party ready to advocate a war before we had received the ultimatum from Britain, that party was a criminal party. As to the question of right, it was with us, that was not to be denied. But there were two modes by which the matter was to be settled—the one was by negotiation, the other by war—the first was with the executive branch, the latter with the legislative. Sympathizing as he did with Maine, and patriotic and valorous as he knew her to be, he was not disposed to confine this question solely to her judgment. If Maine expected the government to redress her wrongs, she must leave the matter to the general government, and not undertake to manage the business herself. With regard to the fortifications about which so much had been said, he did not regard them—they had given him no inquietude. England was the weaker power—and we were now ten thousand times better prepared for war tomorrow than when we had declared it before, whether on ocean or on land. Look to the means of transportation, the New York canals, the countless rail roads, the augmentation of population pressing up in dense masses on the British borders. What had we to fear, with 16 millions of freemen, with brave hearts and stout arms? The very idea was preposterous! Look at England! her threatened war with China, her Ministers holding place by doubtful tenure, the revenue deficient for the ordinary expenses, and what had we to fear? He did not mention these things for the purpose of assailing, but for showing the position in which England stood.

In the House, An unsuccessful attempt was made to take up the majority and minority reports on the Printing of the House.

Mr. Johnson made a report on the subject of contracts for the Stationery, the merits of which were discussed till the expiration of the morning hour.

Mr. Stanley, of N. C. spoke at length on the Abolition question, as did some others.

Mr. Dawson, of Geo., protested against this manner of consuming the time of the House in partisan speeches, and was joined by Mr. Marvin, of N. Y., who also protested against the mal-practices and disorders of the House.

Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, then took the floor, on the General Appropriation Bill, and moved to strike out \$3,500 for repairs on the President's House, and followed his motion with a speech till the House adj.

MR. BENTON'S PROJECT OF FORTIFICATION.—Some three years ago, at the time when the discussion about distributing the surplus revenue arose in the Senate of the United States, it was strenuously urged by Mr. Benton of Missouri, that the most judicious appropriation of it would be to build fortifications along the whole Atlantic Frontier. His idea was that the money could not be laid out to better advantage than in strengthening the defences of the country notoriously weak and insufficient in the event of any catastrophe, like this with which we are now threatened. General Jackson was understood to be in favor of this project, and refused to sign the bill giving the surplus to the States, on the constitutional objection that it could not be given.—The way the President's constitutional scruples was avoided, was by framing the bill so as to tend to, or deposit with the States the large accumulation of revenue then in the Treasury. This disposition of funds, at one time thought to be so sagacious by certain legislators, has proved next to useless to the States and burdensome to the government. Indeed certain instalments have never been paid, nor are likely to be paid hereafter as the States in a condition to return the amounts they have received in any exigency.

Far more advantageous would it have been to adopt Mr. Benton's much railled at project of fortification. Then there would have been an evident and grand result, which would have conferred perpetual benefits upon the country. Our whole border would, by this time, have prevented a line of defences, either completed or in preparation, which would have given protection and a feeling of security to the sea-board. Even our chief cities are insufficiently guarded, and the larger portion of the coast in an utterly powerless condition.—N. Y. Signal.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACCURACY.—A London weekly paper informs its readers that "the two governments of Washington and Maine are exceedingly embarrassed in keeping the people of their respective provinces from actual hostilities upon the litigated questions of the American and British frontier;" and that "Her Majesty's troops are stationed there to protect vessels passing between New Brunswick and Lower Canada." An English country journal "regrets to hear that recent disturbances in Albany threaten a repetition of the late border warfare."—Jour. Com.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 23, 1840.

Young Men's Convention.

The Democratic Young Men of the several Towns and Plantations in Oxford County are requested to meet at the Court House on Paris-Hill on **WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of May next**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of effecting a more thorough organization under the broad banner of **DEMOCRACY**, and to take such measures for the same as may be thought necessary and proper. All who take an interest in the political affairs of the country are respectfully invited to attend.

March, 1840.

Those of our friends indebted for the Democrat, Advertising and Job Work are requested to forward us a part or the whole of the amount due immediately. We have not forgotten them, although they appear to have forgotten us, and we hope that this hint will jog their memories and result to our advantage. If it does not, we must square accounts and drop their acquaintance. The fact is, we need money, and it is much easier for them to furnish us a few dollars each, which in justice should be paid us—than for us to make out hundreds, without a "shot in the locker" to begin with. Friends! shall we call in vain.

Shall the Democrat be discontinued for want of the necessary support in the genial soil of Democratic "Old Oxford"? We hope not; but such must inevitably be the result, unless her sons extend a helping hand. It has lived, for the six years and a half of its existence, on the poisonous food of the credit system; but such deleterious aliment cannot much longer support it. We appeal to the Democracy of the County to grant us a more liberal support, and pledge ourselves to make the Democrat a credit to the leading Democratic County in the State.

GEN. HARRISON'S POVERTY.

The whigs, who, apparently despise the people too much ever to appeal to their understandings, are placing their strongest hopes of success in representing Harrison as a poor man, one who has subsisted all his life on roots, corn bread, and hard cider, and always lived in a log cabin. They act as though they really supposed that the people are children, and could be tricked out of their votes by play things, if we can judge anything from their wretched rows of hard cider drinking which take place in many parts of the country, their roistering songs in praise of the immaculate "Granny," and their log cabins in lithograph, which are being sent all over the country under the frank of whig members of Congress. They treat the great mass of the people as if they imagined them to be no better than brutes and only to be reached through their animal senses, and rely more upon log cabins and hard cider arguments to elect him than upon all other appeals to voters. They flatter themselves that they can grill the people into his support by holding him up as one of themselves, under the pretext that he lives in a hovel and earns his daily bread by following the plough.

Honorable poverty, the result of private sacrifices to public good, or of unmerited misfortune, is a just claim to the respect of the people. A virtuous man struggling with adverse fortune, is one of the noblest exhibitions of moral excellence, but the attempt to hold up a man, as deserving this high consideration, who has been nursed in the lap of luxury, lived in wealth all his days, and drawn his thousands annually from the public purse, is an insult to the common understanding that will raise an honest indignation in the breast of every man who earns his bread by his own hands. Harrison has always had a princely income, and lives in an elegant mansion. His "log cabin" is a large white frame house, one hundred and eighty feet front, with spacious outbuildings, and situated in the midst of one of the richest farms in Ohio, extending for miles along the river. This princely estate did not come to him by the "sweat of his brow," but by the purse of his wife, the daughter of one of the richest land owners in Ohio. He is now, and has been for about ten years, the Clerk of the Hamilton County Court, a sinecure office, yielding fees varying from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum, the duties of which office are performed for him by another person for about \$500 per annum.

From 1793 to 1829, a period of thirty years, he received from the public treasury of the United States, the sum of *Seventy-four thousand and fifty-one dollars*. Adding this and the surplus of his salary as Clerk of Hamilton County Court together, it makes, in a period of forty years, rising three thousand dollars per annum, which this poor man has cribbed of the public money. During his whole life he has not been placed in any public position requiring an expensive style of living, and if he is, as the whigs pretend, now poor, he must have been a profligate spendthrift, and is totally incompetent to manage the public affairs of the country, if he has squandered all these means in his private affairs.

No man in this country has done less and been paid more, by the people, as an office holder, than this same William H. Harrison, the pretended log cabin poverty stricken candidate, who has been put under guardianship by those who know him best, for fear he should commit himself on some point which would be injurious to the policy of the great whig party, and who are striving to get up an excitement in his favor among the labouring classes of the people. Was there ever a more insolent attempt to humbug the people.

We were shown, says the Kennebec Journal, a few days since by a neighbor, a letter received from a friend in Oxford Co. who has hitherto been a most ardent and influential supporter of Van Buren. It now says—"The prospect appears favorable for the Log Cabin Candidate. This child goes the whole hog on that ticket."

We bet you a tumbler of "hard cider," friend Severance, that this same "influential supporter of Van Buren," that was, is nothing more than some noisy, disappointed man, who has lost the confidence of the Democracy by his officiousness and blustering. Give us the name Mr. Journal.

We were visited on Sunday afternoon with a severe thunder storm accompanied with a high wind. Sev-

eral buildings were injured, and considerable damage done to fruit trees.

We also learn that a barn, belonging to Mr. Benjamin Royall, at South Paris was struck by lightning and entirely consumed.

We would recommend the following important decision, by Judge Thompson, of Indiana, given at a late session of the Circuit Court at which he presided, to the particular attention of our readers. It embraces a principle of law of which, probably, a great many of them are ignorant.

"That if a subscriber to a periodical or newspaper failed to notify the editor or publisher to discontinue the paper at the end of the term subscribed for, or pay up the arrearages, he was bound for another year."

From the Democratic Republican. THE SPIRIT OF FEDERALISM.

Our readers recollect the bellicose position assumed by the Federal press and party, some time since, in regard to the N. E. Boundary, and cannot help contrasting their former high pretensions with their present ignoble course. The Federalists are now somewhat in the same position in regard to the present administration, as they were prior to the war of 1812, towards the administration of President Madison. The self-same spirit which prompted the Federalists of those days, to oppose and embarrass their own government when at war with a foreign nation, is still extant. The same Federal press which have heretofore complained both long and loudly, at the delay in the settlement of the Boundary Question, have all at once become very apprehensive lest the "friendly relations between our own Government, and that of Great Britain should be disturbed," and war should ensue between the two countries.

The fact is, the Federalists, seeing the question in a fair way for settlement, either by peaceable or other means, find themselves deprived of a certain portion of political capital, upon which they intended to speculate in the ensuing campaign. The charge is made against this administration, of desiring a war for political purposes which is unfounded and unjust. We would do justice in this case. All of the opposition presses do not pursue the course alluded to. We believe that there are many, very many, of the opposition party, who would zealously support the honor of the nation, in the case of a war, while others would revive the *Harford Convention*, and the *Washington Benevolent Societies*. It will be recollected that it was a short time since asserted, that the movement and establishment of British troops on the Disputed Territory, were with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Van Buren—but how now, forsooth, the boot is on the other leg. We cannot do better, in pursuance of this article, than to give the following, from the *Augsburg Age*—

"The N. Y. Gazette pronounces the Boundary question 'an insignificant affair,' and sneeringly denounces the Disputed Territory 'a strip of wilderness in Maine, beyond the Arrostook.' The N. Y. American 'warns its fellow citizens to look well to the scheme, we suspect to exist, of forcing a war, to save the party.' The N. Y. Express says, 'an attempt is made to weaken that impression, [against the Administration,] by changing the question at issue. A war would strengthen the Executive.' The New Yorker says the Disputed Territory is 'an irregular, bleak wedge of barren, unproductive land,' in 'the far-away hypoborean region of Temiscouata Lake,' and proposes, point blank, to take the Dutch award. The Boston Patriot says, 'the question in dispute, in relation to the Maine and New Brunswick Boundary, is a most senseless controversy,' and that 'the object in dispute is too utterly contemptible, to be made the cause of disturbing the friendly relations between the two countries, even for the shortest period of time.' It says that 'Great Britain can no more recede without dishonor than we can.' It even asserts that 'in one particular Great Britain stands better than we do,' in consequence of the award of the King of the Netherlands. It closes by urging Congress to propose a compromise under the basis of that award, without the consent, and in gross violation of the rights of Maine.—The Boston Atlas charges the President with attempting to make 'political capital' out of the question, and wishing to 'drag the whole country into a needless and unprofitable war.' The N. Y. Times says the object of the President in dictating the firm tone of Mr. Forsyth's letter, was to procure the passage of the Treasury note bill, that in excitement produced by the correspondence, members known to be opposed to the Treasury note system, were induced to give the bill their support."

Such, as we regret to find, is the general tone of the Federal press abroad. Not a word of sympathy for Maine, not a feeling of indignation at the encroachments of Great Britain, not a spark of sensitive pride for the honor of the American nation, is to be found in them. The miserable, sordid calculation of dollars and cents swallows up every manly impulse. A war with England would injure our commerce, and the Federal party, controlled by the commercial classes, in their eagerness to avert war, are blind to every other consideration. No encroachment can arouse their patriotism, or break the control of the insatiable spirit of gain, over their opinions and feelings.

The commercial interest, the property and business of our fellow citizens, whose capital is invested in ships and trade, are entitled to all proper consideration. A just regard for them, will and ought to induce the government to avoid a war, if it can honorably be done. But there is a limit, beyond which, resistance to encroachments is called for, by considerations too light, to be outweighed, or even measured with

any pecuniary interests, however great or extensive."

From the London Era, March 15. North Eastern Boundary.

It is on high authority we are enabled to communicate to the public, that the United States have made a proposition for the settlement of the Boundary between New Brunswick and the State of Maine, which proposition will be rejected by the British government. We can furthermore confidently state to be the intention of Lord Palmerston, as soon as he is in possession of the entire report of the commissioners whom he appointed to survey the line, to address to the United States the ultimatum of England calling on that Government for the immediate recognition of the original claim of this country in its full extent. It is said that Lord Palmerston has determined on this extreme course from alarm at the impression made by a recent "Exposition" the result of an examination and analysis by Mr. Urquhart, on the papers presented to Parliament relative to the Boundary Question. This work having been made the subject of a petition of enquiry to both houses of Parliament, which would (should) confirmation of the allegations and statements of its author be the result,) lead to the impeachment of that Minister.

The disastrous consequences of the neglect of our national affairs is daily becoming more perceptible, but here it is about to be practically brought home to us in characters of blood. But for the fatal apathy and ignorance on all but party questions, Lord Palmerston could not have procured the rejection of the award of the King of Holland; whereby he abrogated in the dark the rights this country acquired through an international treaty, and kept open a question, the non-settlement of which was a source of weakness to England and strength and confidence to her foes. It is this which has led the United States to lean on France and Russia, between whom and herself there now exists one common bond of union—hostility to Great Britain.

Should Lord Palmerston, then, persist in his present intentions, as above stated, an early and a ruinous war with our transatlantic brethren appears inevitable, while it is equally certain that they will not be left to contend single handed against this country.

From the Mirror of Parliament.

"House of Commons, Aug. 26.
"Mr. D'Israeli.—I beg to present a petition, Sir, from certain Merchants and Ship-owners of the City of London. It is most respectfully signed; and among others, by gentlemen who now are, and several who have been members of this house, by the committee of the North American Association; by the president of the South American Association; and other firms of great respectability; stating—

"That the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to whose intelligence and integrity are intrusted the honor and interest of this country, has been publicly charged with criminality of the gravest character, in an 'Exposition of the Causes and Consequences of the Differences between Great Britain and the United States, on the Boundary Question,' addressed to the Chamber of Commerce at Sheffield. By David Urquhart.
"The petitioners, therefore, pray this honorable house to institute an inquiry into these allegations, demanded alike by the honour of the Minister, and the interests of the nation."

THE INDIANS.—Late Western papers seem to anticipate serious troubles with the Indians on the North Western frontier. Letters from Fort Leavenworth, state that strong symptoms of war are manifested by the Indians south of the Missouri, bordering on Buchanan county, Missouri. Many of the Ojoes from the Big Platte have crossed into the State, in parties of fifteen and twenty, and have forcibly levied contributions from all the whites they met with—killing their stock, and taking away their grain, and such other articles as they fancied.

A letter dated the 21st ult. represents that the greater part of the Ioways had passed into the State, in a body, and were then committing still greater outrages on the inhabitants than the Ojoes, among other things, insulting the women in the most indecent manner. On the receipt of the first intelligence of the outbreak, of Fort Leavenworth, the commander dispatched one hundred dragoons, which was all the disposable force he had at his command, under Capt. Boone, to the scene of action.

THE HARD CIDER BEGINS TO WORK!—A meeting of the friends of Old Tip in Detroit, on the 11th inst., while they were in the midst of an uproarious song, "commemorative of the noble deeds of the brave hero!" the floor gave way, and precipitated about one half of the company among the cider barrels into the cellar. No person was materially injured. An adjournment to the open air ensued, and the "scrape" finished there. A resolution was passed that they would proceed on Monday to the woods, to procure timber for a "log cabin." It was to be built without a cellar to tumble into.—*Eastern Argus.*

"Who called me a thief."—The following anecdote is too good to be lost. We copy it from the *Globe*:

"An amusing illustration of the sensitiveness of Mr. Saltonstall, touching the Harford Convention, occurred the other day in the House. Mr. Watterson of Tennessee, in his scorching speech describing the motley assemblage of lawyers and speculators who nominated Harrison, used the term *Harriburg Convention*! Up jumped the conscience-stricken Mr. Saltonstall, and wanted to know what the *Harford Convention* had to do with it? I was not speaking of the Harford Convention, said Mr. W., but of the Harriburg Convention. The similarity of sound, and he might have added of design had unnecessarily alarmed the gentleman, forcibly illustrating the passage of Scripture, 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

The Baltimore Clipper invites the curious to see a hen's egg which was born into the world with the name of "M. VAN BUREN" legibly inscribed on it—with the omission of the u, which is attributed to a want of orthographical instruction among the poultry. The *Clipper* seems to think this an indication that the hens are going for the Administration. No doubt—and the geese may be as confidently expected to take the other side. We look to hear speedily of their laying, in opposition, something very like a quarter cask and distinctly labeled "Hard Cider," and that too without interfering with the natural breed of goslings.—*Baltimore Republican.*

WASTE OF TIME.—The *Globe* thus speaks of the three days rant of Mr. Ogle, in the U. S. House of Representatives.

During three mortal days, Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania has detained the public business, by rapid attempts to change the celebrated *BIDDLE CHAMBER* into *hard cider*, and to demonstrate that the marble palace in Chestnut Street is neither more nor less than a *log cabin*! Were not the public service, in all its branches, suffering for want of the action of Congress upon the bills indispensable for carrying on the functions of Government, we should rejoice at such exhibitions as those of Mr. Ogle. Nothing could more emphatically illustrate the taste and tendency of Federalism. Based upon fraud, its votaries expect to attain power only by humbug.

RIGHT.—The Boston Times says, in regard to the Boundary.—We have only to assert our rights without shrinking, as we can maintain them; and if it was only one rock on the shore instead of a territory larger than Massachusetts, it ought not to be yielded wrongfully to cunning or to force.

HONEST POVERTY REWARDED.—A gentleman of New York arrived at the Tremont House a day or two ago, on his way to Lowell, and while in the city had occasion to exchange some money. He placed the bills in his vest pocket, and took the cars for Lowell. When he reached there he discovered that he had lost a five hundred dollar bill. The loss seemed irreparable, and he abandoned all hope of recovering the money. The gentleman returned from Lowell, and was not a little surprised to learn that a Methodist clergyman, the Rev. T. C. Pierce, had been put in possession of his money by an honest orange seller, named Connell, at the Lowell depot, who had found it there, the gentleman having dropped it while procuring a ticket for the cars. The first thing the gentleman did upon getting his money back, was to present Connell with fifty dollars, and he assured Connell besides, that if ever he was thrown out of employment, he would always find a friend ready to assist him.—*Atlas.*

COUNTERFEITERS.—A large gang of counterfeiters have been broken up in Canada. An immense amount of Bills, tools, dies, &c. were seized. The Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser has seen some of the bills seized.

One, a \$10 bill of the Exchange Bank at Harford, a five of the Maine Bank at Portland, and a ten and a two of the Amherst Bank.

The engraving in all these bills is exceedingly well executed. It would deceive any person, not accustomed to examine bills, with a view to the detection of counterfeit money. The signatures, however, and the figures filled in with a pen, are in each of the bills, poorly done. The paper is quite equal to that employed by most of the Banks.

DIED.

In Waterford, 19th inst., Mrs. Susan Hamlin, aged 68 years.

In Turner, 30th ult., Dea. Francis Cushing, aged 94 years & 6 months.

In Wells, Mary, wife of Mr. Forest Emery, aged 63 years.

In Fryeburg, March 8th, Mr. Richard Chase, aged about 26 years, formerly of Biddeford.

MILLINERY.

THE subscriber would inform the inhabitants of Paris and vicinity, that she still continues her business at her *Residence*, where she intends to keep a large variety of goods constantly on hand. She would thank her friends for past favours and would solicit their patronage. Those wishing to purchase are invited to call. Customwork promptly attended to.

Paris April 21, 1840. LAURA FOBES, 3w37

MILITARY CAPS, &C.

THE subscribers grateful for the liberal Patronage bestowed on them by the Military of the State, would respectfully give notice to the Officers and Soldiers of the light companies in the State, that they have on hand a great variety of Samples of Caps of the latest Style; and will make in order for Companies at short notice on the most reasonable terms.

They will also furnish Companies with Knapsacks of the most approved pattern, sleep as the cheapest and as good as the best. Gentlemen about contracting for Caps or Knapsacks are invited to call at

No. 50 MIDDLE STREET. WILSON & PUTNEY, Agents. Portland April 15, 1840. 1s 6w37

Blacksmith, Wanted

A Lock's Mills in Greenwood. One whose is desirous to accommodate persons would be preferred and receive encouragement. Please call and examine the situation.

April, 1840. 1f 37

Caution.

WHEREAS I, the subscriber, have contracted with the Overseers of the Poor of the Town of Waterford to support Consider Till, his wife and four minor children, paupers of said town, for one year from the date hereof, and have made suitable provisions for them at my house; I therefore hereby caution all persons from furnishing said Till or his family with any supplies at the charge of the town of Waterford, for no debts of his contracting subsequent to this date will be paid either by me or the inhabitants of said town.

LUTHER HOUGHTON. Waterford, April 11th, 1840. 4w35

NEW STORE.

THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly occupied by JAMES LONGLEY, at South Paris, near the Inn of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to patronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general assortment, amongst which may be found,

A SUPERIOR LOT OF BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCKSKINS, SATINETTE, &c. &c.

Also, a large & carefully selected assortment of CALICOES, COPPER PLATES, and

GOLD CAMBRICS.

Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satins, Gro de Swis & Gro de Nap silk for dresses, Saracots, Symehave and Florence Silks, Bombazines, fig'd satin, Cambrics, &c.

Blk. Pongee, Bandannas, and Flng Hdkfs. Ladies Blk. Silk GLOVES.

Ladies White Lace Do. Gents and Ladies Kid Do.

Ital. Sew'g Silks and Twist. Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings.

Cap and Bonnet Ribbons, Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Selicia, Cambrics, Cambric Muslins and

Bishops Lawns, Sheetings and Shirtings Bleached and Unbleached.—Tickings and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear, Ducks, Faddings and Canvas, Suspenders Elastic and Worsted.

Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking Shoes.

Also a general assortment of W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES & HARD WARE together with other articles too numerous to particularize, all which will be sold low for cash or country produce.

Harness and Trunks kept constantly on hand. The Harness business will be carried on as heretofore and all who wish for a first rate article at a fair price will do well to call and examine for themselves.

D. S. HUBBARD, J. T. CLARK.

South Paris April 24, 1840.

MICAH ALLEN. TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of this town & vicinity, that he still continues the Tailoring business at his former stand on Paris-Hill. He would likewise inform them, that he has received the Spring and Summer Fashions for 1840. He flatters himself that he shall be able to do work to the satisfaction of those who may employ him. All orders promptly attended to and the least favor greatly acknowledged. Cutting attended to at short notice.

WANTED. Two or three apprentice Girls. April 11th, 1840. 1f

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

SARAH BARTLETT Administratrix of the Estate of Samuel Bartlett late of Rumford in said County, deceased, having presented her third account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered,

That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—

LEVI BROWN Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Potter late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge. Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

THOMAS BRAGG, late of Letter B, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

INGALLS BRAGG, Letter B., April 14, 1840. 3w36

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JACOB BROWN, late of Paris in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

TIMOTHY CROSBY, Paris, April 14, 1840. 4w36

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

LEWIS DREW, late of Buckfield, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

SAMUEL F. BROWN, Buckfield, April 14, 1840. 3w38

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the tuition of Mr. OZIAS MILES; and as he has heretofore given good satisfaction as an instructor, and the instruction is improving, we, with confidence invite youths of both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowledge, to come and see for themselves, depending that it will be the care of the Trustees and Preceptor to render the school to them both agreeable and profitable.

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary. Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 271f

ANDREW THOMPSON, TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Paris and vicinity that he has taken a Shop near Messrs. Crocker & Shaw's Store, on Paris-Hill, where all business in his line will be promptly and faithfully attended to. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Cutting done at short notice.

Paris, August, 15 1839. 4f

BLANKS For sale at this Office.

1000